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An Argonian Sniper



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Chapter 1 by Tomio Fujino

Obsidian is a sharp stone. When broken, fragmented, the pieces can become very sharp weapons, especially when attached to a handle of sorts, such as the tops of spears, and the heads of axes. With the combination of a thin wood shaft and some Folux feathering for fletching, these weapons become fast flying arrows. In the hands of a skilled archer, an ordinary Argonian can become a fierce warrior. Against the armor of the suppressive Wood Elves though, an arrow can only go so far. But with practice and unorthodox methods of war, an Argonian warrior can become a versatile sniper. Fueled with the knowledge that your parents have been murdered by those we have fought against for generations, a man can be a vengeful killer himself.

As I sit on top of the Gilgamesh tree, the Wood Elf tree of thought, and one corrosive arrow drawn and aimed at the high king of the Elvish land, I thought about the screams of a holy man while he gurgled into a pool of his own blood and highly concentrated acid. I thought about how I would feel after releasing that wondrous arrow of destruction. I thought about how my family died at the hands of a race of menaces. I smiled at the thought of death, and I released my grip on the bowstring.

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